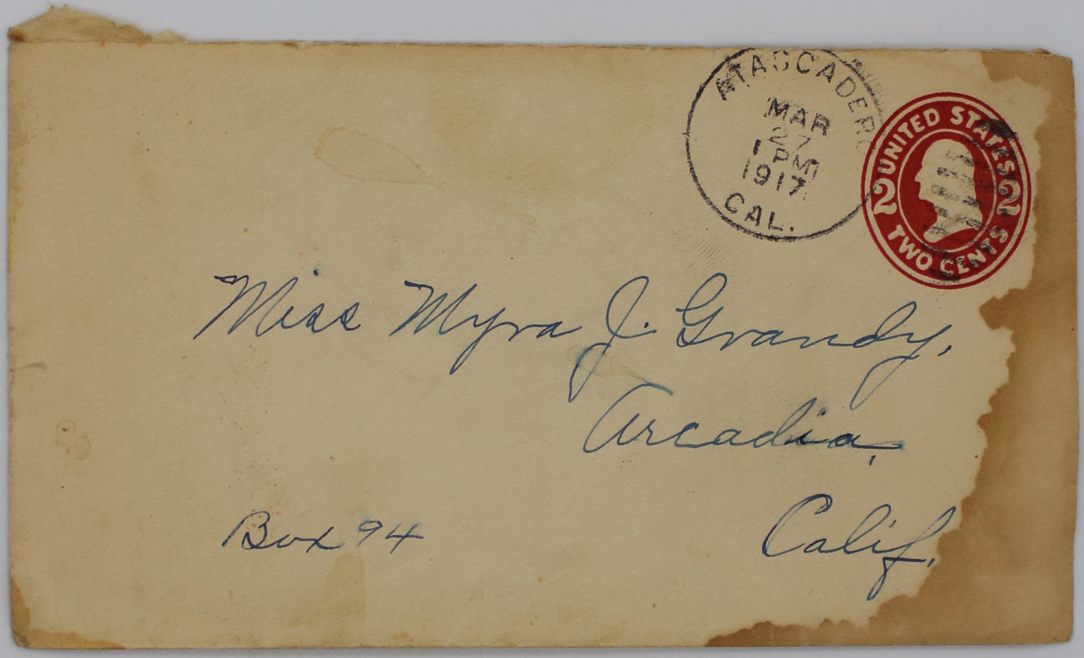

ATASCADERO
MAR
27
1 PM
1917
CAL.

UNITED STATES
2 TWO CENTS 2

Miss Myra J. Grandy,
Arcadia,
Calif.

Box 94

Atascadero Mar 26

Dear Gal will
try and write a few
lines tonight
I have been looking
for a letter from
home for a week
but have not gotten
any yet. I dont
know what thee
matter is You dont
write
It is oughful lonesome
here all alone
I have rented a
garage Pay $3 00 a
week all furnished
Have been working

every seince last
Tuesday noon. They
~~I~~ only pay 45 cts
per hour and work
8 1/2 hours
If there is any wark
down there let me
know I'll come
back. it costs to
much to live here
Wish I had someone
with me, then it
wouldent be so bad
I went over to the
river where we ~~sa~~
used to camp. no
one there now
it made me homesick

I went up to where
your lot is yesterday
too, they have not
done a thing with
it since you were
here two years ago
The trees havent
grown a bit
wish I could trade
it for a auto, it
is so hard to walk
so much my feet
bother me so, I
don't know what
I'll do when it get
hot weather
The man I'm working
for said Sat he
wanted to keep

me if he could
for he thought I
would just suite
him, but of course
you can't always
tell. Wish Rocky
was here I think
he could get a job
If he comes up
send the tent and
my miter box and
saw and plane and
bits for the plow
There is going to
be lots of work
here they say. but
I don't think so
if I had a job

5

down there I would
come in a ~~minit~~
minuet
Am finishing a house
inside one ~~f~~ of those
cement houses that
was started when
you were here two
years a go, down
near the depot
I'm ~~mot~~ not very far
~~from~~ from the Smiths
about two or three
blocks The Smiths
are going to move
this week over
near the railroad
bridge the one
near where we were
camped

wish I had the old
meshine auto I
cauld make enough
with it to buy oil
by taking men to
their work
If I ~~say~~ stay here
all sumner I will
half to get some
thing to ride in
I cand stand this
walking so much
Well must close and
wash my feet they
hurt so Good bye
Lots of Love and kises
to all from
Dad